A Post-NeoAbsurdist

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POETIC ANNOYANCE KIT

~@~@~@~@~@~@~@~

Comprising an Anthology of Post-Neo Performance Poems ready to inflict upon others!

Annoyance Kit Checklist

1. Does everyone have their **clipboard**
2. Does everybody have their **scores**?
3. Does everybody know their **parts**?
4. Are everyone's scores in **order** on their clipboards?
5. Does everybody have their **noisemakers** and **props**?

List of Scores

For One Voice:

- Olchar E. Lindsann, **Aeolian Intonation**
- Warren Fry, **Bla-Ka-Pe**
- Olchar E. Lindsann, **Le Bum-Um-Um**
- Warren Fry, **Marriage**
- David Beris Edwards, **Wichtig!**
- Tomislav Butkovic, **... !! ^^$&**

For Two Voices:

- Olchar E. Lindsann, **O**
- David Beris Edwards, **The Picnic Where the Pencils Snap**
- Imogene Engine & Olchar Lindsann, **Devour an Image**

For Three Voices:

- Olchar E. Lindsann, **Apocalypse Crunch**
- David Beris Edwards, **Bellowing Poem for Three Persons**
- Tomislav Butkovic, **Direct Decree by the Price on Her Head v.0483**
- David Beris Edwards, **Don't You Fucking Smile**

Splat Poems For as Many Voices as You Please:

- Edwin Birch, **Pisstube**
- David Beris Edwards, **Splat Poem? Meaningless Rabble of Words, More Like**
- Edwin Birch, **Dialysis**

Aeolian Intonation

<hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh>

iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii

ee-u**AH** ***ee*-uAH** ***ee*-uAH**
***ee*-uAH** ***ee*-uAH** ***ee*-uAH**

nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn

iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii

ee-u**AH** ***ee*-uAH** ***ee*-uAH**
u-AH*ee* **u-AH*ee*** **u-AH*ee***

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
OOOOOOOOOOOOO

ng-ng-ng-ng-ng-ng-ng-ng-ng-ng-

ee-u**AH** *rrrrr* ***ee*-uAH** *rrrrr* ***ee*-uAH**
***ee*-uAH** rrrrr ***ee*-uAH** rrrrr ***ee*-uAH**

rrrrrrrrr*rrrrrrrr*rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr*rrrrrrrr*rrrrrrrrrrrrr

Bla-Ka-Pe

b-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l Sca! b-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l

Sca Bla Slee, ubu dom-dom-dom!
Sca Do Pae-O! ubu dom Bla-Ka-Pe!
Sca Bla Slee, ubu dom-dom-dom!
Sca Do Pae-O! ubu dom Bla-Ka-Pe!

Sca Bla Slee, ubu dom-dom-dom!
Sca Do Pae-O! ubu dom Bla-Ka-Pe!
Sca Bla Slee, ubu dom-dom-dom!
Sca Do Pae-O! ubu dom Bla-Ka-Pe!

Sca Bla Slee, ubu dom-dom-dom!
Sca Do Pae-O! ubu dom Bla-Ka-Pe!
Sca Bla Slee, ubu dom-dom-dom!
Sca Do Pae-O! ubu dom Bla-Ka-Pe!

Bird-Fall Wax-Veil Blam-Fat-Candle-Gut

LE-BUM-UM-UM

To perform: Sink your palate in your gullet.

LUM BUB-LUB-LUB LUM-UM-UM

LUM BUM-LUM-LUM LUB-UB-UB

UUUUUU-BU UUUUUU-BU

BUMBUM LEM-BUB LEM-BUM-UM
BUMBUM LEB-BUM LEB-UM-UM

LE-BUM-UM-UM LEBUM-UM-UM
LEBUM-UM-UM LE-BUM-UM-UM
LE-BUM-UM-UM LEBUM-UM-UM
LEBUM-UM-UM LE-BUM-UM-UM

BUUUUUU-MA BUUUUU-MA

LUM BUB LUB LUB

LUM-UM-UM

OEZADA 89

Marriage

Warren Fry

aa ab ac
ad ae af
ag ah ai
aj ak al
am an ao
ap aq ar
as at au
av aw ax
ay az /
ba be bi
bo bu by
ca ce ci
co cu cy
da de di
do du dy /
ea ed ec
ed ee ef
eg eh ei
ej ek el
em en eo
ep eq er
es et eu
ev ew ex
ey ez /
fa fe fi
fo fu fy
ga ge gi
go gu gy
ha he hi
ho hu hy /
ia ib ic
id ie if
ig ih ii
ij ik il
im in io
ip iq ir
is it iu
iv iw ix
iy iz /
ja je ji
jo ju jy
ka ke ki
ko ku ky

la le li
lo lu ly
ma me mi
mo mu my
na ne ni
no nu ny /
oa ob oc
od oe of
og oh oi
oj ok ol
om on oo
op oq or
os ot ou
ov ow ox
oy oz /
pa pe pi
po pu py
qa qe qi
qo qu qy
ra re ri
ro ru ry
sa se si
so su sy
ta te ti
to tu ty /
ua ub uc
ud ue uf
ug uh ui
uj uk ul
um un uo
up uq ur
us ut uu
uv uw ux
uy uz /
va ve vi
vo vu vy
wa we wi
wo wu wy
xa xe xi
xo xu xy /
ya yb yc
yd ye yf
yg yh yi

yj yk yl
ym yn yo
yp yq yr
ys yt yu
yv yw yx
yy yz /
za ze zi
zo zu zy

WICHTIG!

-David Beris Edwards

The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The cabinet makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The cabinet makes us happy.
The cabinet makes us sad.
The vulture makes us ugly.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.

The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us ugly.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The tollbooth makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The tollbooth makes us sad.
The tollbooth makes us ugly.
The cabinet makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us ugly.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us briny.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The cabinet makes us briny.
The cabinet makes us glad.
The cabinet makes us tiny.
The cabinet makes us sad.
The cabinet makes us briny.
The cabinet makes us glad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.

The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The tollbooth makes us briny.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The tollbooth makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The cabinet makes us sad.
The walrus makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us briny.
The vulture makes us glad.
The vulture makes us briny.
The vulture makes us glad.
The vulture makes us tiny.
The walrus makes us sad.
The tollbooth makes us tollbooth.
The tiny makes us mad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us pip-pip-pip.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us pip-pip-pip.
The vulture makes us sad.
The cabinet makes us pip-pip-walrus.
The vulture makes us walrus walrus.
The vulture makes us pip-pip-pip.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.

The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us ugly WALRUS.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us sad and ugly.
The tollbooth makes us sad.
The sad and ugly walrus cabinet makes us pip-pip-pip-pip briny tollbooth.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us happy.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The vulture makes us sad.
The vulture makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The vulture makes us sad.
The cabinet makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The vulture makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The cabinet makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The vulture makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The cabinet makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The vulture makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The walrus makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The vulture makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The tollbooth makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The vulture makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The briny makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The vulture makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The tiny makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The vulture makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The ugly makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The vulture makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The tollbooth makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The vulture makes us VIM VOM VIM.
The tollbooth makes us VIM VOM VIM.

The tollbooth makes us VIM VOM VIM.

The cabinet makes us VIM VOM VIM.

The vulture makes us VIM VOM VIM.

The cabinet makes us VIM VOM VIM.

The vulture makes us sad.

The VIM VOM makes us tollbooth pip-pip ugly pip-pip briny pip-pip VIM VOM pip-pip-pip-pip-pip-pip-pip-pip-pip-pip-pip-pip-pip-pip-exactly-pip-exactly-VIM VOM walrus walrus walrus (cress)walrus (in)walrus (should)walrus (you)walrus (encounter any problem, do not return this product to the store before carefully reading your user manual) cabinet cabinet cabinet cabinet VIM VOM VIM.

The vulture makes us angry.

The vulture makes us sad.

The vulture makes us revolving wigs.

The vulture makes us sad.

The vulture makes us understandably nervous.

The cabinet makes us throw up.

The cabinet makes us happy.

The vulture makes us sad.

The vulture makes us happy.

The vulture makes us sad.

The vulture makes us angry.

The walrus makes us sad.

The vulture makes us happy.

The cabinet makes us throw up.

... !! ^^$& øøΔ¨ ------- ``` ~~~~&@

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+++;;;;;;;;;;;; .,,. !! ! ??>

ßΣ

by Tomislav Butković

To perform: Use the whole of your lips

O

O

O

...KKK...

N

R

S

...PPP--

--RRR--

O

--DDD--

O

O

E

A

I

...TTT...

O

O

O

...BBB--

--RRR--

..YYY---

O

-GGG...

O

The Picnic Where the Pencils Snap

a simultaneous poem for two voices

(written with the invaluable assistance of Sirs Ball-Rat and Baron, without whose expert guidance and unfettered feet none of this would have been possible).

So I leap, neglecting to scoop up my hat, out of the nearest window onto a passing bus which itself is on a bus (though this one is travelling in the opposite direction) and, upon landing on said bus, commence my sharpening activities (scritch scritch scritch whittle scratch flittle whit etc.) and make good my various devices...

...which...

my uncle gave to me specifically in order to mop up the soup that I told you about earlier and also to use (but only if necessary) as a rudimentary missile with which to bring down a condor or other species of vulture, should one strike me as a potential threat to my health, or that of my loved ones.

...I couldn't breathe out...

Instead I had to write to my local MP and explain in mind-numbing detail the tiresome minutiae of my sudden yowling predicament and hope that out of the goodness of his liver he saw fit to intervene and give me a badge.

DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG.
DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG.
DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG.
DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG.
DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG.
DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG.
DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG. DOG.

AND NONE OF IT BROADCAST ON NATIONAL NEWS.

BbbbbgG;;;;;fffffff

Devour an Image

by Imogene Engine & Olchar E. Lindsann

I see the geometry of autonomy
inside four perfect corners,
conclusive right angles
He resembles the jealousy and apathy exhaled from
the nostrils of the moon—balancing on a
silver dollar, I visit him each hour
anticipating his eager libido to devour—
Even though I should not believe
in what I cannot see
I should not breathe when I cannot perceive,
but h is within me—maniacally imagining and
softly thirsting for flesh—for my
antibodies, reality, remembrance and membrane—
for a deliberate and warm formulaic dream.
I touch his surface and wish him into
reverberation and need—but instead all I can
see are the bones of my own wanton phantom;
and its smiling silence. He mocks the curvature of
my solitude spectacle. He resolves the relief of my
lines and reduces them to infinity. I look for
proof inside him; I look to live outside his eye;
but I cannot discern the truth from
his lies in the fault of the night.

Dependence—
All dead outside the frame—
obtuse and sere
she is the nadir of my lack, the mold
I expand to fill—balance that cannot
hold or falter; her visits come each hour,
an image of my own negation, to devour:
nothing There's nothing to believe
but everything beside
myself. Her breath obscures my face
but she is outside of me—maniacally imagining and
denying vital flesh—denies
autonomy, reality, remembrance, even fear—
denies me everything except moments without sense.
She touches the thin film that cuts us--
negation in freedom—she seeks to have
the marrow I am, to be a faceless phantom;
she wants my silence. And I would yearn to take
her vital form—but can't. I can only mock all her
lines and reduce them to negative mockeries of myself,
look inside her; I look to live inside her lie;
for I cannot discern the truth, just
her yearnings for me, and the night.

#1: Neeeeeeeeeeeee Apocalypse One! calypse, calypse, calypse!
#2: [whistle.....] Apocalypse One- Two- One oooooooooooooooooooooo
#3: Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch

#1: nnneh, nnneh, nnneh, [clicker.....] chew chew crunch crunch crunch
#2: munch on this, you shove it in your lips you chew chew chew
#3: The angel of death is spinning your skull like a platypus, Gul-n, Gul-n Gul-n Gul-n

#1: I like it best with a sprinkling of sugar, o Spoon it, Spoon it, Spoon it, a helping of Into-the-Sewer, oh, calypse! calypse!
#2: crunch crunch crunch, you're going to grow very fat, very very fat, very fat, I hope you know
#3: Bile will sludge thru your veins, oh, crunch, crunch, crunch, you know that, you know that, you will all go burn in

#1: calypse! here it comes, drink orange juice with your Apocalypse Apocalypse Apocalypse
#2: that, I hope you like the taste of all of us in Crunch! Crunch!
#3: that cosmic microwave underneath the earth, oh Crunch!

#1: Apoc-a-lypse ooooooooooooooo I want orange juice with my Apocalypse! bowl of death and vitamin D
#2: [whistle.....] Goddamn it! Madame, it
#3 Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch!

#1: aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa Slurp! Slurp! Slurp! aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
#2: feels like striding across the silverware, You fill your jowls, your jowls, your jowls, oh,
#3: oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo crunch, crunch, crunch oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

#1: Slurp! Slurp! Slurp! aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa Slurp! Slurp! Slurp! aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa Slurp on the souls,
#2: You fill your fat, fat, fat, You drink your fat, fat, fat, [whistle.....-
#3: crunch, crunch, crunch, ooooooooooooooooo crunch, crunch, crunch, oooooooooooooooooooooo Crunch the bones

#1: the body of Christ gets spongy and soggy Swallow it down quickly, before the host lactates on your eyeballs!
#2: -.....] **Oh!**
#3: of your fathers, crack the skulls of your kids Listen to the screams of the damned, you were right! you were right!

#1: Apocalypse Apocalypse Apocalypse, Apocalypse [clicker.....]
#2: Oh! Oh! Oh! Buy it today! Buy it Today!
#3: Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch!

#1: Apocalypse Apocalypse Apocalypse, Apocalypse, Apocalypse, Apocalypse, Apocalypse
#2: Oh! Oh! Apocalypse, Apocalypse, Apocalypse, Apocalypse
#3 Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! Crunch! CRUNCH!

END

Bellowing Poem for Three Persons
by David Beris Edwards

Elephant Fellow: Popular lunging plunging clatter!

Custard Mind Cup: Wiggle!

Module 12: Explain!

Custard Mind Cup: Wiggle!

Module 12: Explain!

Elephant Fellow: If only if only. Ninety niiiiine!

Custard Mind Cup: Wiggle!

Module 12: Explain!

Custard Mind Cup: Wiggle!

Module 12: Explain!

Elephant Fellow: It'd all be fine if I just had my notes!

Custard Mind Cup: Give him his notes!

Module 12: No! Stick a fork in his head!

Custard Mind Cup: Just stick a fork in his head!

Module 12: Make sure the prongs go right in!

All: IN! OH! WHAT? ARGH! IT! OH! WHAT? IN!
I! WHAT? WHAT? BUT! YES!
WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT?

Direct Decree by the Price on Her Head v.0483 ------- *by Tomislav V. Butkovic*

1 - I YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! DA!
2 - I DA! DA! DA! DA! DA! DA! DA! DA! DA! DA! DA! DA! DA!
3 - I OUI! OUI! OUI! OUI! OUI! OUI! OUI! OUI! OUI! OUI! OUI! OUI! DA!

1 - I Ba Ba Ba epsum kleever sneeble glaver, uped to the keeping of the haver lavel. have you seen your child
2 - I Yes Yes Yes extra compressed! light! miller light! light oblique! (FUCK FRANCE!, YOU'RE DEAD!)
3 - I Fertado! in every which way we are impressed, we like to giggle and jump around like little girls. GOTTA

1 - I today? ever so softly did the lead pipe wrap the side burns in its grips, and forced it to lay brick. yes! lay brick!
2 - I black! how would you krever bloogle if a sun house was triiiii... triiii.... triiiglaved in you? lay brick!
3 - I LOLLY? spacing! type! SEX! SEX! SEX! You fucker stole my condom! You should be asahmed! lay brick!

1 - I [huge over dramatic breath] [clap] ---------- [keep clapping] ---------- [you're still clapping, asshole] ----------
2 - I [huge over dramatic breath] [jump around in a circle] ---------- [still jumping] ---------- [jumping] --------
3 - I [huge over dramatic breath] [jog in place loudly] ---------- [keep jogging, loudly.] ---------- [but seriously] ----------

1 - I [STOP!] YOU ARE NOTHING BUT AN INCUMBENT TILE! SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEECH! Direct!
2 - I [STOP!] YOU ARE NOTHING BUT AN INCUMBENT TILE! kuh kuh kuh kuh kuh kuh kuh kuh kuh KuH! What?!
3 - I [STOP!] YOU ARE NOTHING BUT AN INCUMBENT TILE! bzzzz---------- bzzzz---------- bzzzz ----------

1 - I Direct! Q!!!!!! oooooooooooooooooo,
2 - I What?! Decree?! DIRECT DECREE! spill?! a?!
3 - I Decree! Decree! DIRECT! ...WHAT?! aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh,

1 - I oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo. mmmmmmBARRR!
2 - I juice?! errrutt?! brrrreoooot?!!!! JUST THE FACTS, BACK TO BASICS!
3 - I aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh

Direct Decree by the Price on Her Head v.0483 ------- *by Tomislav V. Butkovic*

1 - I iz their a line your willing 2 toe? bahp bahp
2 - I bahp bahp bohm bohm bohm boh-bohm bahp bahp bohm
2 - I bohm bohm bohm boh-bohm bohm bohm bohm boh-bohm

1 - I bahp bahp BAR! [improv] ---------- [improv] ----------
2 - I bohm bohm boh-bohm BAR! [improv] ---------- [improv] ----------
3 - I BAR! [improv] ---------- [improv] ----------

1 - I [improv] ----------I this is a saaaaaaad fucking song! saaaaaaaaaaaad
2 - I [improv] ----------I natty!
3 - I [improv] ----------I [THREE CLAPS] fucking!

1 - I soooooooooooog. sooooooooooooooooooooooooooog. n-n-n-n-nnn-n-nnn-
2 - I fucking! soooooooooooooooog. sooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooog. n-nnnn-n-nnn-
3 - I BLIP! sooooooooooooooooog. sooooooooooooog. sooooooooooooooooooooooog.

1 - I n-nnn-nn -n-nn-n-nn nun nuh nuh nuh NUH NUH NEEEEEW NEWWWWW NEWWWW N N NUH NEWWW NEWWWW JUH JUH JUH
2 - I n----nn-n---n-n-nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnEWWWWWWW JEEEEEEEEERRRRRRR JUH JUH JUH JUH-ERS
3 - I ttttttt tt -t-tttttt -t-tt-t--t-tttt i wish the milk man would deliver my milk, in the morning! i would like to drink from the milk man's wife's tits.

1 - I NEW JERSEY TRANSIT FUCKING SUCKS!
2 - I NEW JERSEY TRANSIT FUCKING SUCKS!
3 - I NEW JERSEY TRANSIT FUCKING SUCKS!

don't you fucking smile

Notes: All three performers should wear masks which they have personally made specifically for the performance. All directions are in [square brackets]. They should stand in cardboard boxes with their characters' name (OH/IS/NO) written on it so everyone knows who they not really are. This poem features two passages in which performers are instructed to sing. The second of these is not set to a particular tune and should therefore be improvised. The first section, however, is a variation on the English folk song/nursery rhyme "Oh Dear! What Can the Matter Be?" and should be sung specifically to this tune.

OH: The dog contributes nothing to my emotional wellbeing or the upkeep of my hair. It is a zit, a parasite, a dastardly cunt and a burden on the
IS: A quantity of plums, nestling in my throat like boiled eggs or billiard balls or fists or birds or plums. One after another they rumble and pop –
NO: Nipples jutting precariously like brillo pads obstructing a pachyderm, politics spewing out of my gills with the affectations of Jon Pertwee's

OH: taxpayer. It is the kind of honking wreck only a ninny would demonstrate pity for. It is no rehearsal of misery – it is misery itself in canine
IS: spattering and spluttering and making me shit everywhere. Those plums will haunt my nightmares and flagellate my synpases like a stoat
NO: zombie wrists, I descended upon Norway with a howl of "Good morning!". I waggled my cane provocatively and gurgled like a cunt,

OH: incarnate. Its woeful gums elicit nothing but anguish and despair. Its paws hang limp and phlegmy as a knotted crotchet. Its eyes roll about
IS: beats a stoat. And who, you ask, put the plums there in the first place? I did! It was me! I am the arse who put those plums there, I am the
NO: surveying my surroundings in search of a suitable spot in which to erect my dwelling. I chose a pavement not far from the centre of Oslo,

OH: like marbles in a bucket of flesh and it smells like a dead church. And O! The horrors of its inner ear! Weevils greased with the gutspew of
IS: jackanape who sabotaged their own idiot neck! Blame not the generals and men of games and war! Blame not the grocers, nor their
NO: flecked with bird shit and situated conveniently near to a shop which sold both bath salts and livestock. I plied my wares the only way I

OH: other weevils, clambering over one another in a frenzied effort to feast on the scraps of meat and old vegetables. A whole goose, plucked,
IS: produce for they would not harm a shelf. Blame not the piemen, the tiemen, the thighmen or their simple clientele. Felons though they
NO: knew how – hurling bricks into the faces of passers-by and shouting demeaning things at their bloodied and disappointed faces. I hopped

OH: buttered, spatchcocked and irate, screaming obscenities the likes of which! All these and more or less came tumbling out of the wretched
IS: unequivocally be, one cannot hold them to account for one's own sodding mistakes. They are merely responsible for the actions of their
NO: about on my one good leg, dispensing platitudes as though they were tepid stools, flapping my bell off and cackling the while. Commerce

OH: mongrel's lugholes without the slightest tap or provocation. This is the true face of fetid despair. This is the world we have made for
IS: hands and spouses and that's what makes this country great. But O! what horrors those wretched plums have wrought; mice with the teeth
NO: was calling me and this was my reply. My product? Nothing more than a nod and a wink, and yet and yet how very much greater than that

OH: ourselves, here reflected in the dying eyes of a sick, mad dog. So why the fuck did I kiss it? [IF YOU ARE WAITING FOR OTHERS
IS: of a bear and clouds pissing oil! Librarians booing at paving slabs! I am responsible. I am a dick. TO FINISH THIS BIT THEN TRY TO
NO: it was – profit! Profit! I made three whole kroner, and blew the lot on a fucking garden decoration. USE THE TIME CONSTRUCTIVELY]

OH: My god is a theoretical turtle. Periods of GURNING are only to be expected. CHRIST!
IS: knob-swelter Periods of GURNING are only to be expected. My god is a theoretical sock.
NO: CHRIST! Periods of GURNING are only to be gob-swelter

OH: (unless you're pretending). [PAUSE]
IS: ARE ONLY TO BE EXPERIENCED BY ACCIDENT [PAUSE]
NO: And periods of happiness [WHISPER] sorry. [PAUSE]

OH: And don't you fucking smile don't you fucking smile smile why don't you fucking
IS: don't you fucking smile and don't you fucking smile don't
NO: don't you fucking smile so don't you fucking smile

OH: smile or don't you fucking smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile
IS: you fucking smile
NO: don't you fucking smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile smile

OH: smile smile smile smile smile DON'T YOU FUCKING SMILE DON'T YOU FUCKING SMILE
IS: DON'T YOU FUCKING SMILE DON'T YOU FUCKING SMILE
NO: DON'T YOU FUCKING SMILE DON'T YOU FUCKING SMILE

OH:
IS:
NO:

OH: DON'T YOU FUCKING SMILE DON'T YOU FUCKING Keg. Milk. John. Flapper. Sound. Rabbi. Pleat. Kelp.
IS: DON'T YOU FUCKING SMILE DON'T YOU FUCKING Column. Coin. Shit. Pew. Sack. Gram. Knot. Cripple.
NO: DON'T YOU FUCKING SMILE DON'T YOU FUCKING Jib. Snigger. Crumb. Stool. Bistro. Grit. Front. Dowel.

OH: Fog. Wheel. Offal. Binge. Bruise. Prow. Magpie. Reel. Coracle. Coracle. Coracle. Coracle. Coracle. Coracle. Coracle. Coracle.
IS: Mule. Splint. Bruise. Context. Whisky. Sludge. Hole. Belt. Hoooooooooooooooooooooooorn. Hoooooooooooooooooooooooorn.
NO: Scowl. Printer. Loom. Gob. Door. Podcast. Spray. Hand. Coracle. Coracle. Coracle. Coracle. Coracle. Coracle. Coracle. Coracle.

OH: Hoooooooooooooooooooooorn. Hoooooooooooooooooooooorn. Hand. Spray. Podcast. Door. Gob. Loom. Printer. Scowl.
IS: Conicle. Conicle. Conicle. Conicle. Conicle. Conicle. Conicle. Conicle. Reel. Magpie. Prow. Bruise. Binge. Offal. Wheel. Fog.
NO: Hoooooooooooooooooooooorn. Hoooooooooooooooooooooorn. Belt. Hole. Sludge. Whisky. Context. Bruise. Splint. Mule.

OH: Dowel. Front. Grit. Bistro. Stool. Crumb. Snigger. Jib. HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORN.
IS: Kelp. Pleat. Rabbi. Sound. Flapper. John. Milk. Keg. HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORN.
NO: Cripple. Knot. Gram. Sack. Pew. Shit. Coin. Column. HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORN.

OH: Is this a good idea? Is this a good idea, do you think? Is it right that I should be doing this? Should this even have been written?
IS: I have a tadpole for a thumb and a very fine tadpole it is too! I have a monkfish for an earlobe and
NO: [Bellow] All I want is a society where people kiss each other and smile. A society where dogs aren't made to fuck each other. A society of

OH: Is this a valid expression? Am I communicating anything at all or merely obfuscating for the sake of obfuscation? Do I event *want* to be
IS: it's won an award for earlobe-icity.
NO: decency, mastication and womble. A society of fnerr fnerr fnerr fnerr jbjbjbjb spplp. Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaar

OH: communicating at all? Is art an act of communication or simply one of action? If the former, what delineates a valid communication? If the
IS: don't you fucking
NO: rrrr

OH: SMILE gustup! redu.clabthlaan! YOU SMILE
IS: brAngu se.protth! redu.clabthlaan! SMILE DON'T DON'T
NO: brAngu se.protth! DON'T YOU FUCKING pritfrinch! redu.clabthlaan! FUCKING

OH: YOU FUCKING Thango! scanyope! brAngu se.protth! gustup! pritfrinch! redu.clabthlaan! SMILE DON'T
IS: SMILE Thango! scanyope! brAngu se.protth! gustup! pritfrinch! redu.clabthlaan! SMILE YOU
NO: SMILE DON'T Thango! scanyope! brAngu se.protth! gustup! pritfrinch! redu.clabthlaan! DON'T YOU

OH: FUCKING SMILE YOU FUCKING SMILE
IS: YOU SMILE SMILE SMILE (don't you fucking)
NO: YOU FUCKING DON'T YOU DON'T SMILE

OH: Keg. Milk. John. Flapper. Sound. Rabbi. Pleat. Kelp. Fog. Wheel. Offal. Binge. Bruise. Prow. Magpie. Reel.
IS: Column. Coin. Shit. Pew. Sack. Gram. Knot. Cripple. Mule. Splint. Bruise. Context. Whisky. Sludge. Hole. Belt.
NO: Jib. Snigger. Crumb. Stool. Bistro. Grit. Front. Dowel. Scowl. Printer. Loom. Gob. Door. Podcast. Spray. Hand.

OH: [sing] O dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be? O dear, what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair.
IS: [sing] O dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be? O dear, what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair.
NO: [sing] O dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be? O dear, what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair.

OH: He promised to buy me a sickening gesture, a series of tubes and a coughing sowester, a sanitary towel and a plumber Leicester, to tie up
IS:
NO:

OH: my bonny brown hair. And it's O dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be? O dear, what can the matter be?
IS: O dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be? O dear, what can the matter be?
NO: O dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be? O dear, what can the matter be?

OH: Johnny's so long at the fair.
IS: Johnny's so long at the fair.
NO: Johnny's so long at the fair. He promised to buy me a sack of dead horses, a canapé prong and selection of sauces, a toothbrush to tell

OH: O dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
IS: O dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
NO: me what "rimming" in Norse is, to tie up bonny brown hair. And it's O dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what can the matter be?

OH:
IS: He promised to buy me a rat and a chit and a punt and a duck and a rollicking
NO: O dear, what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair.

OH: O dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what
IS: nit and a muddy great posturing sock-tucking skit to tie up my bonny brown hair. So it's O dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what
NO: O dear, what can the matter be? Dear, dear, what

OH: can the matter be? O dear, what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the [stop singing] CRAB! VALVE! GOWN! BLADDER! SMILE!
IS: can the matter be? O dear, what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the [stop singing] YAWN! SKIPPER! SMITH! NUT! SMILE!
NO: can the matter be? O dear, what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the [stop singing] PRISM! TOOL! BUN! ROD! SMILE!

OH: Goo gull smidge hun is two organ iced a whirled sin four may shun hand may kit hewn he verse silly axes Sybil urn ewes fool.
IS: Fort a Phil link melder trip ink inner larch for Ryan ban handed Theo neon hanker rot.
NO: (you fucking) Weak aunt goon lake thistle cutter deaf ease it knot therein ages

OH: smidge hun ORGAN ORGAN ORGAN ORGAN ORGAN ORGAN you look like Godfrey
IS: Fort a inner larch ORGAN ORGAN ORGAN ORGAN I don't have any eyes
NO: thistle inner larch neon hanker ORGAN ORGAN ORGAN ORGAN the spatulas are empty

OH: hooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
IS: hooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
NO: hooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

OH: ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
IS: oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooBOTTLEooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
NO: ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

OH: ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
IS: ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
NO: ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

OH: oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
IS: oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
NO: oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

OH: oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
IS: oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
NO: oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

OH: oo

OH: oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
IS: oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
NO: oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

OH: (you fucking) SMILE DON'T YOU FUCKING ORGAN
IS: DON'T YOU FUCKING SMILE ORGAN HORSE
NO: FUCKING SMILE DON'T YOU ORGAN HORSE MILDEW BOTTLE MAN BILL TOOL CRAB GUST WIG

OH: oh-is-no-is-no-is-no-is-oh! [sing] To make chreese, the powder mix is combined with boiling water and blended in a food processor which
IS: oh-is-no-is-no-is-no-is-oh! [sing] Winterbourne has branches of the Co-op and Tesco Express, a chemist, optician, a handful of dental
NO: oh-is-no-is-no-is-no-is-oh! [sing] To define a language using these modules, you only have to define a *driver* in one or more of the

OH: can then be stored in the refrigerator for up to two weeks. The material is cut to size and applied to the airframe surfaces using a hobby
IS: practices and a library. They usually live in damp habitats such as marshes. During his investigations Steckoll also found an inkwell at
NO: implementation schema languages, that causes the necessary modules to be loaded. This torture technique can cause flesh wounds

OH: iron or heat gun. This caused some debate over the dog's origin, but it has been decided that it is a French dog. Its apparent magnitude is
IS: Qumran. In addition, the characters of Jim Davidson and Darlene Vogel, who had become romantically linked in the third season, were
NO: (primarily of the wrists) and/or scarring from the tension on the shackles. While most spiral galaxies either have either two well-defined

OH: 4.64. It is one-way only and flows clockwise with 2 to 4 lanes of traffic. Below is a list of office-holders: [stop singing]
IS: married in the fourth season opener. After being succeeded by William Haley, he became Chairman of the Mining Association.[stop singing]
NO: spiral arms or a filamentary spiral-like structure, this spiral galaxy has only one visible spiral arm in its disk. [stop singing]

OH: I don't think there's much point in doing this anymore.
IS: I don't think there's much point in doing this anymore.
NO: I don't think there's much point in doing this

OH: DON'T YOU FUCKING SMILE, YOU CUNT AND THE DOG SAID WOOF AND WE LAUGHED
IS: DON'T YOU FUCKING SMILE, YOU CUNT AND THE DOG SAID WOOF AND WE HA HA HA
NO: anymore. DON'T YOU FUCKING SMILE, YOU CUNT AND THE DOG SAID WOOF AND WE HA HA HA

Here comes

Carlton Miniott

Black Hambleton

Nether Silton

Pisstube

Doctor

South Otterington

The

Job
Dog

Splat Poem? Meaningless Rabble of Words, More Like.

PASTRY

MICHAEL

CHUFFY

THE PROLETARIAT

BANG! BANG!

QUICKLY

PRODDING

SODDING

IT'S OFFICIAL, I'M A WANKER!

BOOM! BOOM!

678

MANKIND

PAPERY FINS

LORKS!

Stuck

Stab

Mister

Bloody

cribbage

Facile

Too Late

During

For Dialysis

I never liked him anyway